



BATMAN AND ROBIN!

FEB.

Ten Cents

No. 144



Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

FOR MENACE
AND MUSIC
TUNE IN NOW

as
BATMAN
and **ROBIN**

star with

KAY KYSER

IN

"The MYSTERY
BROADCAST"





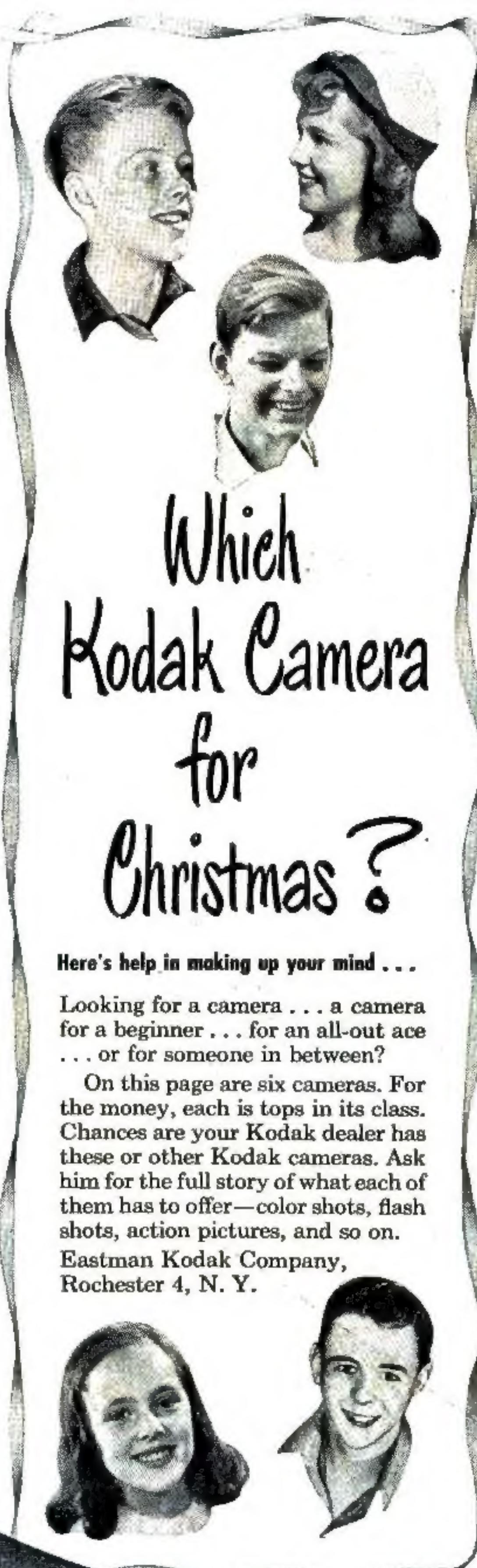
Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera
Makes splendid snaps "around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in bright sun. Two-position focusing helps get sharp, clear snaps. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$10.50 plus tax; Flashholder, \$2.50 plus tax.



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On this page are six cameras. For the money, each is tops in its class. Chances are your Kodak dealer has these or other Kodak cameras. Ask him for the full story of what each of them has to offer—color shots, flash shots, action pictures, and so on.

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"Kodak" is a trade-mark

Kodak

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

YOU ALL KNOW
KAY KYSER—

YOU'VE ALL HEARD
HIS SMASH RADIO
QUIZ SHOW, "THE
COLLEGE OF MUSICAL
KNOWLEDGE."

BUT DID YOU EVER
DREAM THAT ONE DAY
BATMAN WOULD APPEAR
ON THE PROGRAM IN A
DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO
SAVE KAY KYSER FROM
A SINISTER PLOT? YES—
BATMAN, WITH **ROBIN**,
THE BOY WONDER, GOES
TO "COLLEGE" ... TO BE
GRADUATED INTO ONE
OF THE MOST THRILLING
CASES OF HIS CAREER.

***KAY KYSER'S
MYSTERY
BROADCAST!***



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AS SOCIETY PLAYBOY, BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, STROLL THROUGH GOTHAM CITY ONE EVENING...



A FLASH-QUICK CHANGE OF GARB... AND **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**, THE BOY WONDER, EMERGE... EVER READY FOR THEIR BATTLE AGAINST CRIME...



MINUTES LATER, IN ANOTHER GOTHAM CITY ALLEY...

14TH PRECINCT REPORTS BANCROFT SHOT HIS WAY THROUGH CORDON AND DISAPPEARED. HE WAS CARRYING NO BAGGAGE - THE ENORMOUS LOOT OF LAST NIGHT'S ROBBERY IS STILL AT LARGE...

HA, HA! THOSE DUMB COPPERS WILL NEVER FIND THE DOUGH WHERE I'VE STASHED IT. BUT IT'S GETTIN' TOO WARM AROUND HERE - GOT TO FIND A GOOD HIDE-OUT...



AND, WAITING HIS CHANCE, THE DESPERADO STRIKES QUICKLY...





BUT AS BIG JACK MOVES CLOSER TO HIS VICTIMS...

WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE SEEN YOUR MUGG BEFORE— YOU'RE KAY KYSER, THE BIG BANDEADER, AIN'TCHA?

THAT'S RIGHT— SAY, WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?

EDDIE BLINN, ONE OF MY SAXAPHONE PLAYERS? NOW LOOK, FELLA— TURN THAT GUN THE OTHER WAY AND LET'S STOP THE FOOLISHNESS! I'M A BUSY GUY—I GO ON THE AIR IN AN HOURS!



THAT MUSICIAN AND I LOOK KINDA ALIKE— AND I ONCE FOOLED AROUND WITH A SAX IN THE PRISON BAND! HMM— THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

YOU'LL GO ON THE AIR AS SCHEDULED, KYSER— BUT WITH A BRAND-NEW SAX PLAYER— ME!

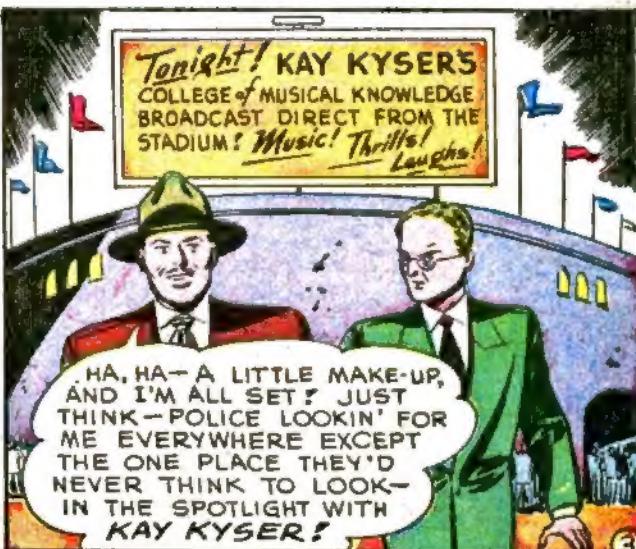
YOU'RE MAD— YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!



YOU PLAY THIS THE WAY I TELL YOU, AND NOBODY'LL EVER CATCH ON! BUT MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE, AND IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOUR BUDDY THERE!



Tonight! KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE of MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE BROADCAST DIRECT FROM THE STADIUM! Music! Thrills! Laughs!

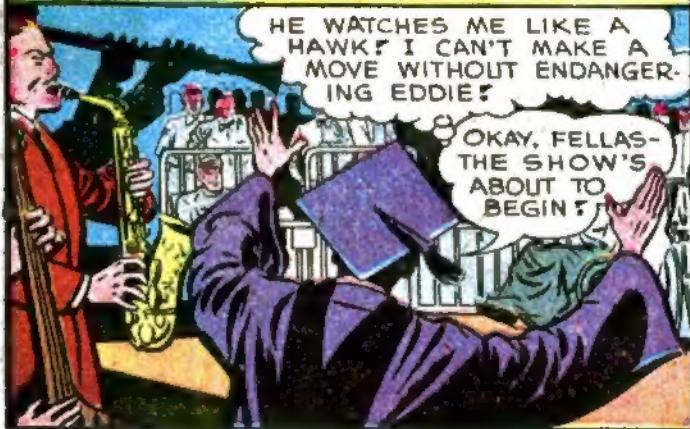




AND INSIDE THE HUGE GOTHAM U. FOOTBALL STADIUM, NO ONE IN THE CHEERING AUDIENCE IS AWARE OF THE TENSE DRAMA UNFOLDING ON THE BANDSTAND BELOW...



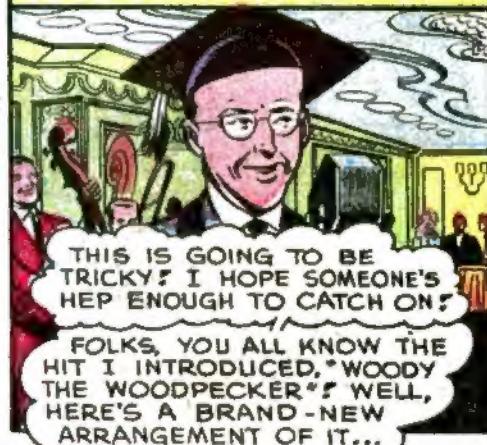
AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, AS KAY'S HEAVY DATE BOOK TAKES HIM TO A BENEFIT SHOW FOR DISABLED VETERANS...



A WEEK LATER, BRUCE AND DICK, ARDENT KYSER FANS, CATCH ANOTHER KAY KYSER BROADCAST IN THEIR HOME...



AT WIT'S END, THE BAND-LEADER FINALLY TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE...



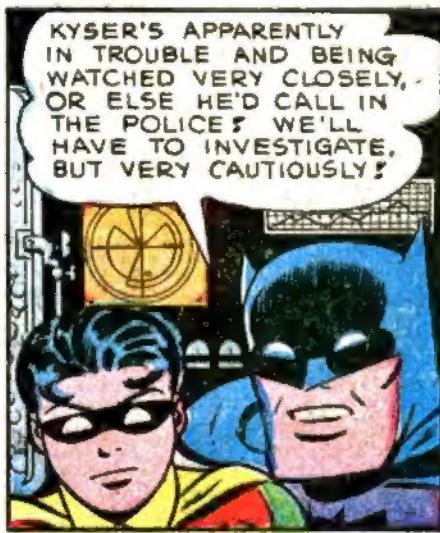
LATER, IN THE BATCAVE CRIME LAB...



I'VE GOT IT! I THOUGHT THOSE INSISTENT REFERENCES TO MR. MORSE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MORSE CODES. YOU SEE, ROBIN? KYSER HAS BEEN SENDING AN SOS!



KYSER'S APPARENTLY IN TROUBLE AND BEING WATCHED VERY CLOSELY, OR ELSE HE'D CALL IN THE POLICE. WE'LL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE, BUT VERY CAUTIOUSLY!



PRESIDENTLY, AS THE POWERFUL BATMOBILE ROARS THROUGH THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY...

HE'S PUTTING ON AN IMPROMPTU COLLEGE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE TONIGHT, BATMAN, AT THE FIREMEN'S BALL!

I'LL CHECK WITH HIS PRESS AGENT TO SEE IF WE CAN'T BECOME PART OF THE SHOW! IN THAT WAY, WE WON'T AROUSE ANY SUSPICION...



MEANWHILE, IN A BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM AT THE FIREMEN'S BALL...

...AND AS A RESULT OF THE NEW VISTAS OF THE SKY OPENED BY THE FIRST OPERATION OF THE GIANT TELESCOPE, THE GOTHAM PLANETARIUM WILL BE REMODELED...

THE PLANETARIUM THAT'S WHERE THE LOOT IS, HIDDEN IN THE ROOF? SOMEBODY MAY STUMBLE ON IT NOW!





I CAN'T LEAVE
NOW—KYSER'S BEEN
ACTIN' FUNNY LATELY—
GOT TO WATCH HIM?
I'LL GET BUGGSY
DOLAN OVER HERE
AND SOMEHOW
SLIP HIM THE
WHEREABOUTS OF
THE MONEY? I
CAN TRUST BUGGSY!



THEN, CORNERING, KAY KYSER
IN HIS DRESSING ROOM...

LISTEN, PALLY—I GOT A JOB
FOR YOU! ONE OF MY BOYS'LL
BE HERE SOON—I'LL POINT
HIM OUT! I WANT
YOU TO GET HIM
UP ON THE
STAGE AS A
CONTESTANT?

A
CONTESTANT?
WHY?



WHEN HE WINS
THE PRIZE, YOU
HAND HIM THIS
ENVELOPE! CALL
IT A SPECIAL
SURPRISE GIFT;
AND NO FUNNY
BUSINESS—I'LL
BE WATCHIN'
'YOU!'



MEANWHILE, THE DYNAMIC DUO
PLANS STRATEGY OF A DIFFERENT
SORT...

IT'S ALL FIXED! I'M GOING
UP AS A CONTESTANT—IT'LL
LOOK LIKE A PUBLICITY STUNT!
YOU STAY HERE AND SEE
WHAT YOU CAN FIND!



SUDDENLY, A
TREMENDOUS
ROAR FLOODS
THE
BALLROOM...

BATMAN!
WELCOME TO
THE COLLEGE
OF MUSICAL
KNOWLEDGE!

THANKS, PROFESSOR
KYSER—I HOPE TO BE
A RESPONSIVE
STUDENT!

HEY,
BATMAN,
ARE YOU
HEP?

ATTABOY,
BATMAN—
TURN IT ON!



AS
USUAL,
KAY
RYSER'S
SHOW
IS
A
GREAT
HIT
WITH
THE
AUDIENCE:



WOULD
THAT BE
"AULD
LANG
SYNE"?
NO—
I'M SORRY!
STOODENTS!

**ANNIE
LAURIE**



THAT'S
BUGGSY MALONE
OVER THERE?
HMM—HE USED
TO WORK FOR BIG
JACK BANCROFT—
BETTER WATCH
HIM!

ALL RIGHT! NOW—
WE NEED ONE MORE
CONTESTANT TO VIE
WITH THIS GENTLEMAN
ON THE TRUE AND
FALSE QUIZ FOR
A SPECIAL SURPRISE
GIFT!

THAT'S
MY CUE!
KAY
NEVER
PITS ONE
CONTESTANT
AGAINST
THE OTHER
LIKE THAT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE AUDIENCE...

BATMAN'S UP TO
SOMETHING—BUT I HOPE
HE'S HEP ENOUGH TO
ANSWER THESE TRICKY
MUSICAL QUESTIONS?

CHEESE



OKAY, BATMAN—
YOUR FIRST
QUESTION: IN
MUSICAL SLANG,
A SLUSH-PUMP IS
A BROKEN-DOWN
DRUMMER—TRUE
OR FALSE?

OH-OH!
THIS MUSICAL
SLANG IS
GREEK TO ME!
YET I HAVE
A FEELING I
MUST WIN, TO
HELP KYSER...



GROPING DESPERATELY FOR THE
RIGHT ANSWER, **BATMAN**
SUDDENLY HEARS A FAINT
SIGNAL ON HIS BELT RADIO?

GOOD OLD
ROBIN
TO THE
RESCUE...

DID
YOU
SAY
SOMETHING, **BATMAN**?

WRONG—
IT'S A
TROMBONE...

WRONG?
IT'S A
TROMBONE!

THAT'S
WRONG!
YOU'RE
RIGHT!

AND AGAIN...

TRUE!

YOU'RE
RIGHT!
THAT'S
RIGHT!

THAT'S
TRUE—
BE-BOP
IS THE NEWEST
FORM OF
SWING
MUSIC...

WITH ROBIN'S HELP, **BATMAN**
SCORES 100%, WHILE BUGGSY
MISSES THE LAST QUESTION...

THAT'S
FALSE...

THAT'S RIGHT!
YOU'RE WRONG!

CONGRATULATIONS,
BATMAN! AND HERE'S
THE SPECIAL PRIZE
DONATED BY OUR
SAXOPHONIST, EDDIE
BLINN?

HEY—
WHERE'S
EDDIE?

HE
JUST
TOOK A
POWDER!

THE NEXT INSTANT, A FRANTIC KYSER
HUDDLES WITH **BATMAN**...

OPEN THE ENVELOPE QUICKLY,
BATMAN— THAT SAXOPHONIST
WAS REALLY BIG JACK BANCROFT
AND HE WAS TRYING TO GET
A MESSAGE OUT OF HERE!

IN KYSER'S DRESSING ROOM,
BATMAN, ROBIN AND KYSER
LOOK AT THE MESSAGE TAKEN
FROM THE ENVELOPE?

BIG JACK HID HIS
LOOT IN THE ROOF
OF THE PLANETARIUM?
THEN THAT'S WHERE
HE'S PROBABLY
HEADED RIGHT
NOW? LET'S GET
MOVING!

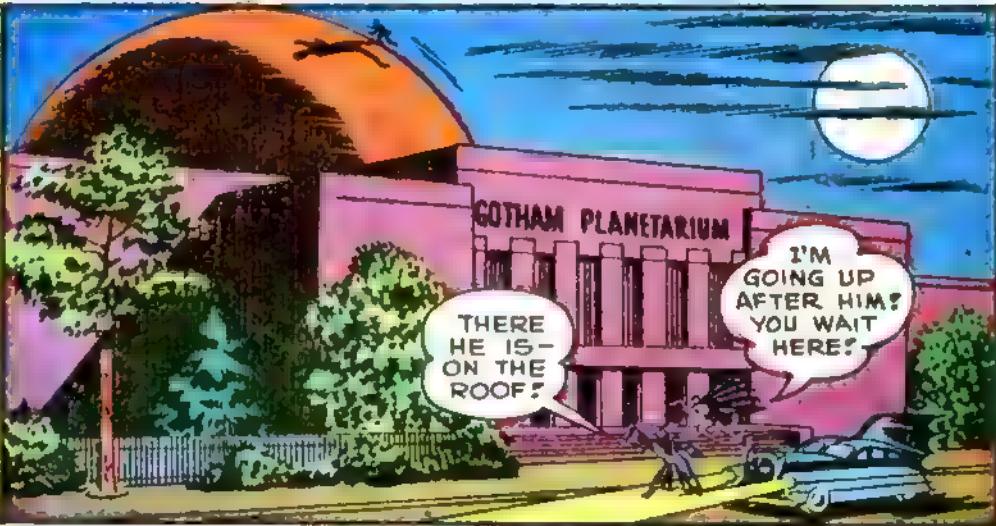
BUT WE'VE GOT TO SAVE
THE REAL
EDDIE BLINN
FIRST! I
KNOW JUST
WHERE THEY'RE
HOLDING HIM!

NO TIME
FOR THAT—
UNLESS...
ROBIN—DO
YOU THINK
YOU CAN
HANDLE IT?

YOU BET!
WHAT'S THE
ADDRESS,
KAY?



WHILE THE
BOY
WONDER
SPEEDS
FORTH ON
HIS MISSION,
BATMAN
AND
KAY KYSER
RUSH
TO THE
PLANETARIUM
IN
THE
BATMOBILE!



LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, THE AGILE
BATMAN SCALES THE ROOF AND
CLOSES WITH HIS PREY!

BATMAN!

NICE PLACE
TO MEET,
BIG JACK! YOU'LL
SEE STARS HERE
YOU NEVER
SAW BEFORE!

FLEEING THROUGH A TRAP DOOR IN THE
ROOF, BIG JACK SEEKS REFUGE IN THE
DARKENED AUDITORIUM...

LET'S JUST
SWITCH ON
THIS PROJECTOR
AND GET A LITTLE
LIGHT ON THE
SUBJECT!



AS THE PROJECTOR FLASHES ON, THE PLANETARIUM BURSTS INTO THE VIVID DRAMA OF THE PREDICTED WAYS THE WORLD CAN COME TO AN END?



THAT'S THE SUN EXPLDING—
NOT MY FIST!

MEANWHILE, KAY, HAVING SEEN BATMAN AND BIG JACK DISAPPEAR FROM THE ROOF, ENTERS THE PLANETARIUM TO JOIN THE FRAY...

DON'T WORRY,
BATMAN—
I'M COMING!

BUT IN HIS EXCITEMENT, THE FAMOUS BANDLEADER JARS THE PROJECTOR AND THE MACHINE RUNS CRAZILY...

OH-OH!
LOOK WHAT I DID!



THEN, JUST AS KYSER AIMS A BLOW AT BIG JACK, THE PROJECTOR STOPS ABRUPTLY, AND...



QUICKLY EXPLOITING HIS STROKE OF LUCK, THE GANGSTER HERDS KAY AND BATMAN TO A SECRET HIDEOUT, WHERE ...

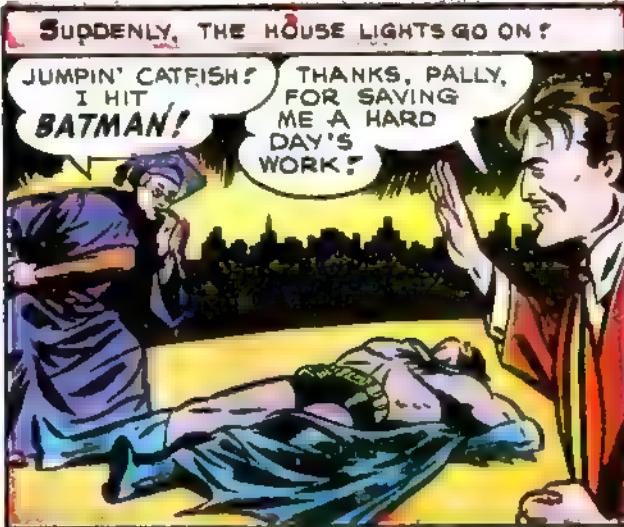
MY OWN LITTLE DEATH CHAMBER, PALLIES? WHEN I SHUT THIS DOOR, THIS PLACE IS SEALED TIGHT? THEN I JUST TURN ON THE GAS IN THAT LITTLE PIPE UP THERE AND IT'S ALL OVER IN A FEW MINUTES!



SUDDENLY, THE HOUSE LIGHTS GO ON!

JUMPIN' CATFISH? I HIT
BATMAN!

THANKS, PALLY,
FOR SAVING
ME A HARD
DAY'S WORK!



HERE'S A CLARINET, PALLY? GO AHEAD AND PLAY A FUNERAL MARCH? ME-I'M GETTIN' ON THE FIRST PLANE TO MEXICO!

MOMENTS AFTER THE DOOR SLAMS, THE PIPE IN THE CEILING STARTS TO HISS OMINOUSLY!

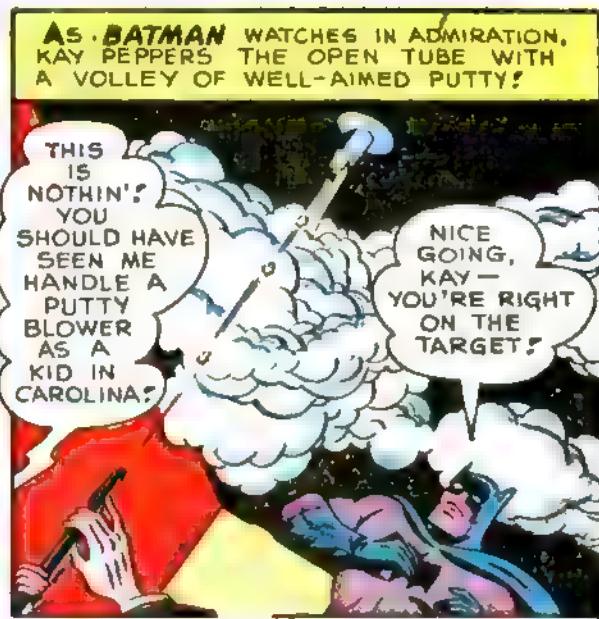
EVEN IF I CALLED ROBIN ON THE RADIO, HE'D NEVER GET HERE IN TIME—AND THAT PIPE IS TOO HIGH FOR YOU AND ME TO HANDLE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT CLARINET?

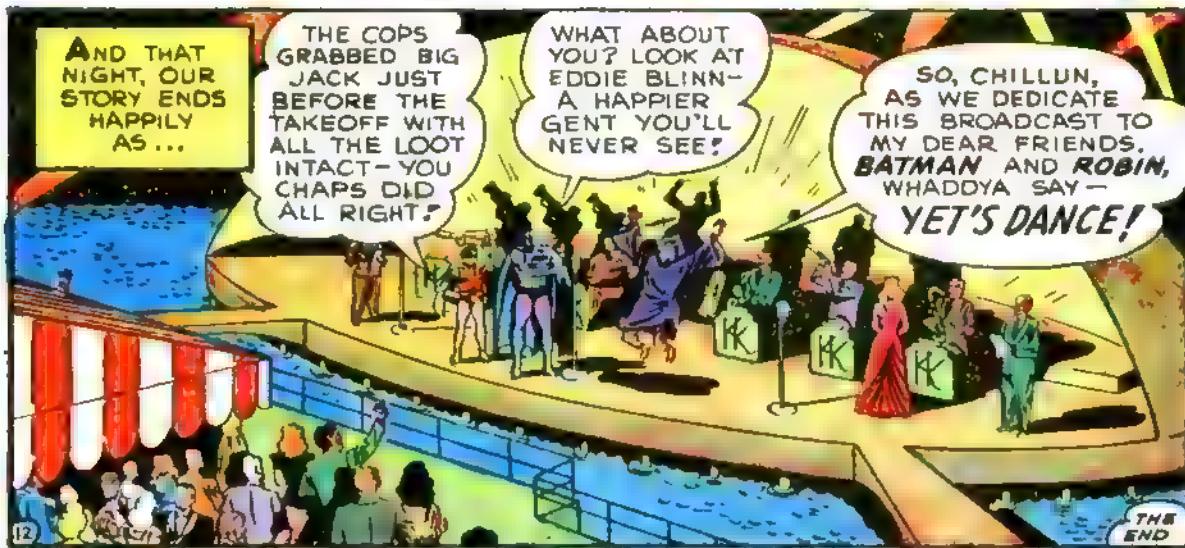
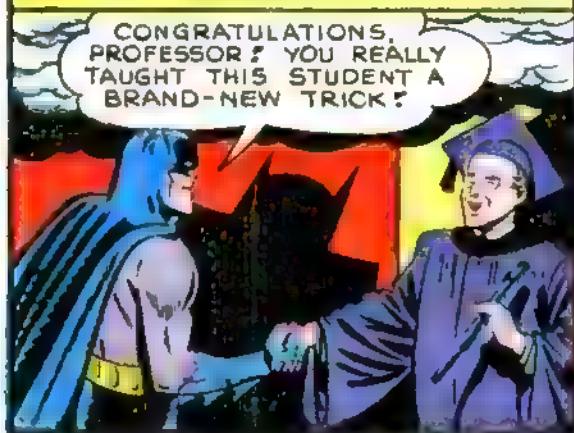
I GOT YOU INTO THIS, BATMAN — AND BY JIMINY, I'M GOING TO DO MY BEST TO GET YOU OUT!

WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK—ON THE FLOOR? PUTTY—THE PUTTY HE MUST HAVE USED TO SEAL UP THIS PLACE... HMM—I WONDER...





IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE PIPE IS SEALED AND THE TRAGEDY AVERTED?



BOYS! GIRLS!



MAGNETIZED NEEDLE
ALWAYS POINTS
NORTH!



FITS ANY
FINGER!

PLASTIC DOME
ON NAVIGATOR'S BUBBLE
ON BIG PLANE!

GENUINE
NICKEL-PLATED
NONTARNISH!

ONLY 15¢

plus front of one
SMITH BROTH

HEY NIP! THERE'S A LIGHT
FLASHING OUT THERE!
LOOKS LIKE AN S.O.S.!

SEE? THREE SHORT -
THREE LONG - THREE SHORT!
AND MY COMPASS RING
SAYS IT'S EAST-NORTHEAST!

AND THE LIGHT-
HOUSE BEARS
SOUTH-SWEST!
COME ON! WE'VE
GOT TO PHONE THE
COAST GUARD!

MEANWHILE
OUT AT SEA

LATER: IN NEARBY
FARMHOUSE:
THAT'S RIGHT COMMANDER.
THE S.O.S. CAME FROM
EAST-NORTHEAST AND
THE LIGHTHOUSE WAS
SOUTH-SWEST OF US!

HERE SHE COMES! THE
COAST GUARD HELICOPTER!

SO WE PICKED UP ALL
FOUR SURVIVORS.
THANKS TO YOUR
SPLENDID DIRECTIONS

BOY! WATCH HER HEAD
EAST-NORTHEAST AS SOON
AS SHE GETS OVERHEAD!

AND THANKS TO OUR
NAVIGATOR'S
COMPASS
RINGS!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO — Just send front of Smith Brothers Cough Drops box—Black or Menthol—and 15¢ in coin—with coupon at right. That's the only way you can get your Navigator's Compass Ring. We'll rush it to you—right away. So hurry! Write to Smith Brothers, P.O. Box #368, Providence, Rhode Island.

HURRY! BE THE FIRST TO AMAZE
YOUR GANG WITH A GENUINE MAGNETIC

NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING!

REAL MAGNETIC NEEDLE
—ALWAYS POINTS NORTH!

You really know where you're going when you wear a GENUINE MAGNETIC NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING. A real scientific instrument, with a magnetized needle that always points to the North Magnetic Pole! You just turn the ring around so the "N" is under the needle—and you know just where all the other directions are too! That's how navigators have been doing it on ships for hundreds of years.

And boy, what a ring! Made with a lens-type transparent plastic dome—genuine nickel plated so it stays bright and shiny. Fits any finger, too. A sturdy good-looking well-made ring you'll be proud to wear! So hurry! Get your own GENUINE MAGNETIC NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING!

BEST FOR HIKES! Especially in the woods, when snow covers your tracks. Always wear it!

FISHING WITH DAD! You be navigator... tell others how to get back if a fog comes up!

WHEN A PLANE GOES BY ... figure out its course, tell what city it's headed for.

WONDERFUL FUN — all year 'round!



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

SMITH BROTHERS, P.O. Box 368, Providence, R. I.
Enclosed find front from Smith Brothers Cough Drop box plus 15¢. Rush my ring to me at once.

Name _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LIMITED TIME ONLY!

This offer expires at midnight, June 30, 1949. HURRY!

JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

HENRY
BOLTHOUSE

YES,
MOM?

DON'T FORGET TO STOP AT
THE BAKERY FOR THE BREAD,
ON THE WAY HOME!

DON'T WORRY,
MOM, I'VE TIED A
STRING ON MY FINGER
TO REMIND
ME!

BUT SUPPOSE YOU
FORGET TO
NOTICE IT?

I'M ALL SET! I'VE A STRING
TIED ON THIS FINGER TO REMIND
ME TO LOOK AT THE OTHER!

THE
END

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ROBOTMAN

THERE ARE MANY UNSUNG HEROES OF PEACE-TIME, BUT NONE BRAVER THAN THE MEN WHO OPERATE ARMORED CARS DELIVERING VALUABLES THROUGH HAZARDOUS PATHS BESET BY GREEDY CRIMINALS! WHEN ONE MASTER THIEF PLAGUES THE ROUTE, LOOTING RUTHLESSLY, ROBOTMAN TAKES OVER. THE MAN OF METAL SEES THAT THE GOODS ARE DELIVERED BY PLAYING HIS STRANGEST

ROLE AS...

"THE HUMAN ARMORED CAR!"

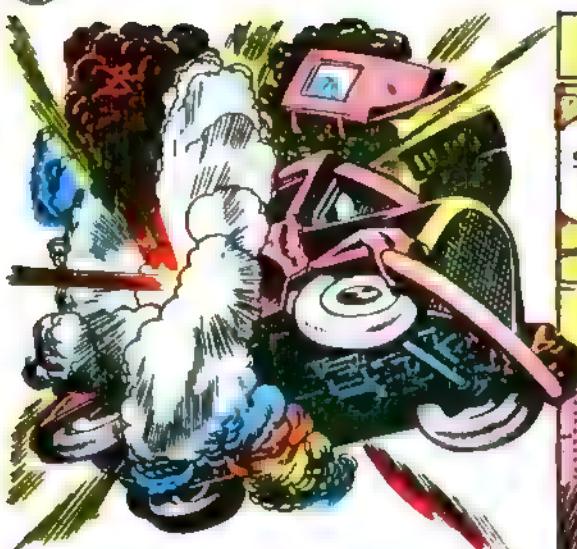


IN THE SMALL TOWN OF OAKDALE, AN ARMORED CAR BEARS ITS VALUABLE CARGO DOWN WINDING STREETS...

WE'RE CARRYING \$25,000 CASH! I HOPE WE GET THROUGH THIS TIME!

BUT LURKING IN ITS PATH IS A BIG CITY OPERATOR IN CRIME... CRUSHER COLE...





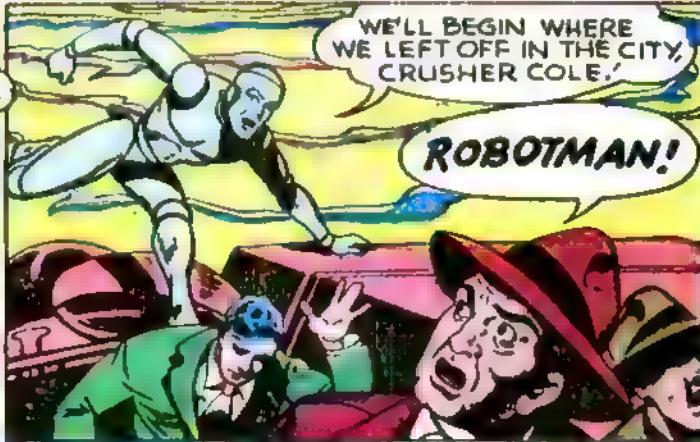
STUNNED, THE TWO ARMED DRIVERS CAN OFFER NO RESISTANCE TO THE BANDITS!

ANOTHER 25 GRAND! DIS ONE-HORSE BURG IS A SOFT TOUCH, EVER SINCE ROBOTMAN MADE IT TOO HOT FOR US IN DA BIG TOWN, HA-HA!



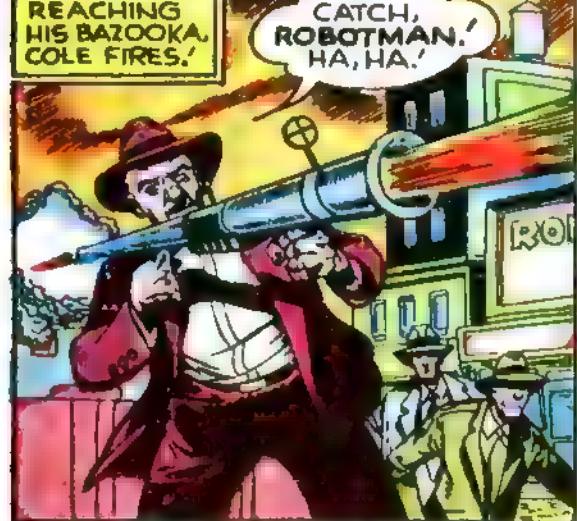
BUT THERE IS A WITNESS TO THE BOLD DEED... ROBOTMAN IN HIS PLASTIC DISGUISE OF PAUL DENNIS...

A SWIFT REMOVAL OF PLASTIC DISGUISE AND CLOTHING, AND THE MIGHTY MAN OF METAL OPPOSES THE CRIME!



REACHING HIS BAZOOKA, COLE FIRES!

CATCH, ROBOTMAN! HA, HA!



CAN'T LET IT GO PAST AND HIT SOME BUILDING! GOT TO DEFLECT IT DOWNWARD WITH MY HANDS...



BUT THE RESULTING EXPLOSION HURLS ROBOTMAN BACK, AND COVERS THE ESCAPE OF THE CROOKS...



LATER, AFTER THE TWO DAZED DRIVERS HAVE RECOVERED...

THANKS FOR TRYING TO HELP US, ROBOTMAN! BUT THAT'S THE THIRD TIME WE'VE BEEN HELD UP AND ROBBED! WE'LL HAVE TO GO OUT OF BUSINESS NOW!

EX-G.I.'S?

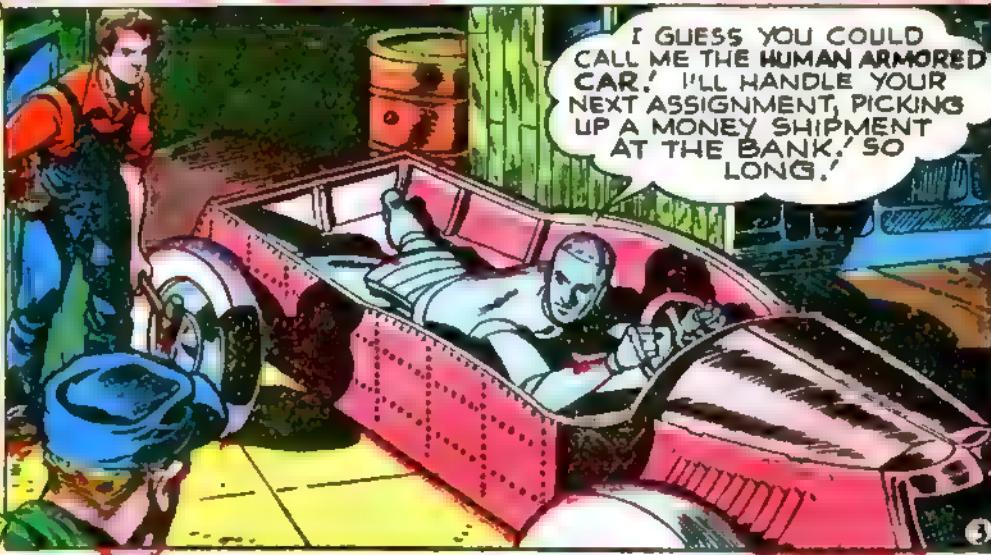
YES, BUD GREEN AND MY PAL, TIM DRAKE. OUR TOWN NEEDED AN ARMORED CAR SERVICE, SO WE STARTED ONE UP! BUT THREE HEAVY LOSSES IN A ROW COOK OUR GOOSE!



AFTER WORKING ALL NIGHT

A STRANGE SIGHT EMERGES INTO DAYLIGHT!

I GUESS YOU COULD CALL ME THE HUMAN ARMORED CAR! I'LL HANDLE YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT, PICKING UP A MONEY SHIPMENT AT THE BANK, SO LONG!





LATER, AT THE BANK...

BANK

CAN'T YOU READ?
I'M THE ARMORED
CAR SERVICE! JUST
PLACE THAT MONEY BAG
IN MY CHEST
COMPARTMENT!

HUH?
YOU MEAN--?

ROBOTMAN
ARMORED
CAR
SERVICE

I BUILT THIS CHEST
COMPARTMENT LAST
NIGHT! PLENTY OF
ROOM TO CARRY
VALUABLES!

AND THE HUMAN ARMORED CAR
MOVES OFF ON ITS MISSION!

I'LL GET THIS
PAYROLL MONEY
TO ITS
DESTINATION!

BUT AHEAD, MEANWHILE...

WE KNOW DA
ROUTE THAT PAYROLL MONEY
TAKES EVERY FRIDAY! HERE
COMES DA ARMORED CAR...
HEY! IT LOOKS FUNNY!

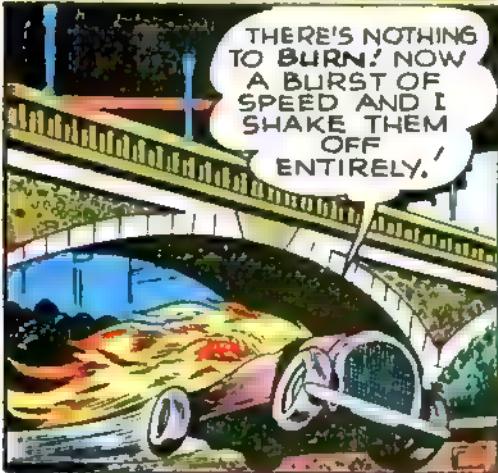
NEVER MIND!
OPEN FIRE!

THAT'S REINFORCED
ARMOR-PLATE...THE SAME
KIND I USE FOR MY OWN
BODY! HA-HA! NO
DAMAGE!

IT'S
ROBOTMAN!
I'LL GET HIM
WITH THIS
INCENDIARY
BOMB!

BUT THE METAL MAN CAN LAUGH AT FLAMES, TOO!

THERE'S NOTHING TO BURN! NOW A BURST OF SPEED AND I SHAKE THEM OFF ENTIRELY!



THE HUMAN ARMORED CAR DELIVERS THE GOODS!

HERE IT IS, SAFE AND SOUND. NOW I'VE GOT TO HUSTLE TO THE AIRPORT AND PICK UP THAT RADIUM SHIPMENT!



AT THE AIRPORT...

I KNOW! AND I'LL GO THROUGH.

IT'S FOR THE HOSPITAL! EMERGENCY CANCER CASE!

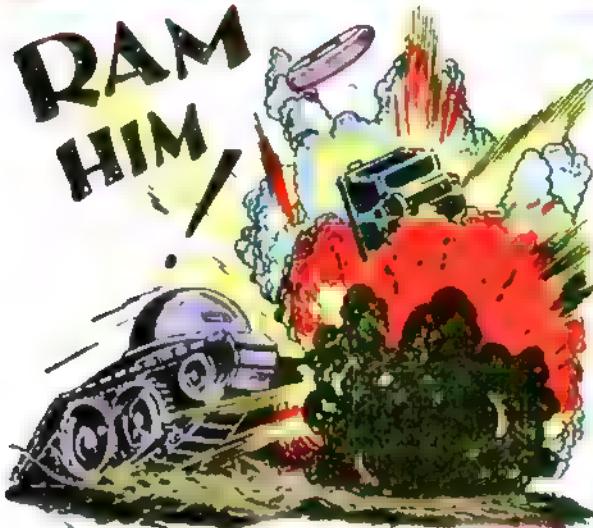


BUT CRUSHER COLE AGAIN WAITS IN AMBUSH, WITH A STILL MORE DEADLY INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION!

WE'LL STOP ROBOTMAN THIS TIME! WE PICKED UP ALL THIS ARMY STUFF AT A SURPLUS SALE!



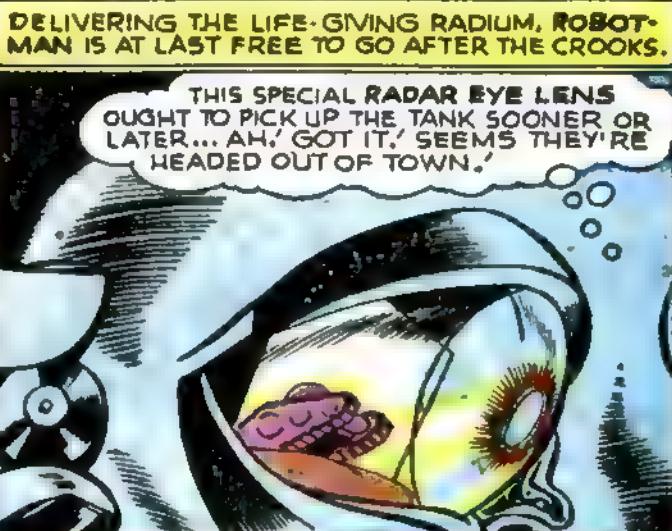
RAM HIM!



THAT WRECKED IT! BUT WHERE'S THE RADIUM?

IN HERE, PAL! AND IT'S GOING STRAIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL!





THE RADAR TRAIL LEADS TO A SHACK WHERE COWARDLY CRIMINAL HEARTS ARE GRIPPED BY FEAR AS A METAL NEMESIS APPEARS!



FOR THIS MONTH ONLY!

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
DETECTIVE COMICS
ARE BEING OFFERED AT A
NEW LOW RATE!



GET THE NEXT 12
TERRIFIC ISSUES
AS THEY ROLL HOT OFF THE PRESSES
MAILED DIRECTLY TO YOU!



DON'T KEEP THE GOOD
NEWS A SECRET....
TELL YOUR PARENTS,
FAMILY AND FRIENDS!

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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400 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

ENCLOSED FIND \$1.20 (CASH, MONEY ORDER OR CHECK)

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SLAM BRADLEY



SNOW-WHITE SEEMED BEAUTIFUL AND SWEET... BUT WHAT WENT ON AROUND HER SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A PAIR OF SLEUTH-HOUNDS... ESPECIALLY SLEUTHS LIKE SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN! THE LITTLE MEN WHO WERE THERE HAD PLENTY OF TRICKS UP THEIR SHORT SLEEVES... AND SLAM AND SHORTY HAD THEIR HANDS FULL WITH THOSE STUBBY SMALL-SCALE SCOUNDRELS..

*"The
SEVEN
SINISTER
MIDGETS!"*

SLAM BRADLEY, DETECTIVE, AND HIS SIDEKICK, SHORTY MORGAN, ARE IN A FIX... AND SHORTY IS LOWER THAN EVER...

DOWN TO OUR LAST CENT... IF WE DON'T GET A CLIENT, WE STARVE!

AND I GO, BAREFOOT. THE SHOEMAKER HAS MY ONLY PAIR OF SHOES... AND I CAN'T GET THEM BACK WITHOUT MONEY.

IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO STARVE WITH SHOES ON...

WAIT A MINUTE, SHORT SNORT... MAYBE WE DON'T STARVE AFTER ALL!



OH, EXCUSE ME,
I MUST BE IN THE
WRONG PLACE...
I'M LOOKING FOR
SOME DETECTIVES...

YOU'VE FOUND
THEM... COME
IN!

BUT IS YOUR
FRIEND... ER,
CIVILIZED?

SURE I'M CIVILIZED...
I'M JUST TRAINING
MY FEET TO BE AS
GOOD AS MY HANDS...

SEE? IN CASE I
BREAK A FISTON
A THUG'S JAW... I
WON'T BE HELPLESS!

HOW EVER! THEN
PERHAPS YOU CAN
SOLVE MY CASE...
I'M PROFESSOR
HINES...

MY WIFE SAYS I'M ABSENT-
MINDED... I WAS AT A HOTEL...
I DIDN'T NOTICE WHERE I
WAS GOING... AND SO...

I SUPPOSE I PUT MY
HAND IN SOMEONE
ELSE'S POCKET...
ANYWAY, I HAVE
THIS WALLET WITH
\$1,000! AND IF I
TOLD THE POLICE,
I MIGHT BE
ARRESTED FOR
ROBBERY!

I GET IT! YOU
WANT US TO
FIND THE
OWNER, AND
RETURN THE
MONEY!

PRECISELY! I
IMAGINE THE
OWNER IS AT THE
SAME HOTEL
WHERE I'VE BEEN
STAYING...

WE'LL GO RIGHT
OVER! BUT FIRST...
A SLIGHT
OPERATION.
PROFESSOR...
DON'T WORRY,
IT'LL BE
PAINLESS...



PRESENTLY... CLOTHES
MAKE A NEW MAN...

MY PARTNER WILL
GO TO YOUR ROOM
AND PRETEND
HE'S YOU...

BUT FIRST I
HAVE TO GET A
BEARD! SO LONG,
PROFESSOR...
DON'T STEP ON
ANY TACKS!



THERE'S A TRUNK
TO BE DELIVERED TO
YOUR ROOM...

THANK YOU,
MY LITTLE
ONE!



I'M BEGINNING TO
WONDER WHETHER
THE PROFESSOR
REALLY ROBBED
ANY ONE, SLAM.
NOTICE THOSE
MIDGETS?

YES, AND I'M
EXPECTING
TROUBLE! I'LL
GO TO MY ROOM.
YOU STAY IN THE
PROFESSOR'S...
IF ANYTHING POPS,
WHISTLE NATURE
BOY!



AT THE
HOTEL DESK...

SIGN HERE,
MR. BRADLEY...
AND, PROFESSOR...



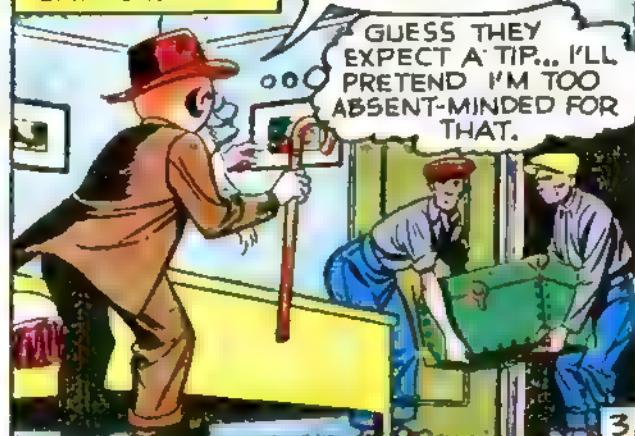
HMM, A COUPLE OF LITTLE MEN...
THERE SEEMS TO BE A LOT OF
MIDGETS AROUND HERE... AS WELL
AS SNOW WHITE AT THE DESK!
AND ONE SHRIMP LOOKS LIKE
THE PROFESSOR'S DOUBLE...



A FEW MOMENTS
LATER...

PUT IT DOWN NEAR
THE BED, BOYS...

GUESS THEY
EXPECT A TIP... I'LL
PRETEND I'M TOO
ABSENT-MINDED FOR
THAT.

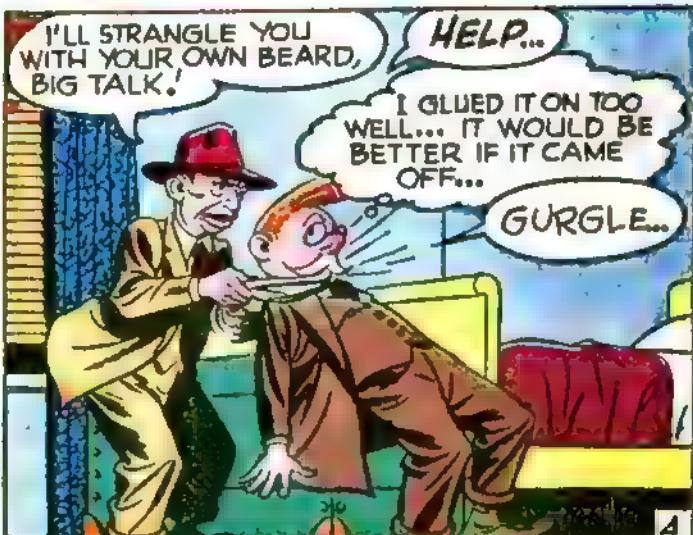


THEY DON'T LIKE MY NO-TIPPING POLICY... THEY SHOULD BE AS RICH AS I AM! THINK I'LL LIE DOWN ON THIS NICE SOFT BED AND TAKE MY MIND OFF MY TROUBLES... I'LL HIDE THE WALLET IN MY SHOE...

BUT AS THE DIMINUTIVE DETECTIVE TAKES THE FIRST OF FORTY WINKS...

COME ON,
SOAPY... THE SAPS ASLEEP!

OKAY, NITRO...
WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN FIND THAT WALLET!



SHORTLY...

WE CAN'T FIND THE WALLET... AND THE SAP WON'T TALK! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP LOOKING.

HMM, THIS ONE WHISTLES AS HE WORKS! DO YOU KNOW NATURE BOY?

AND DOWN THE HALL...

NATURE BOY... I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!



LOOK, BUTCH... THIS GUY'S TRYIN' TO BUTT IN.

LET'S STOP HIM, FINGERS!



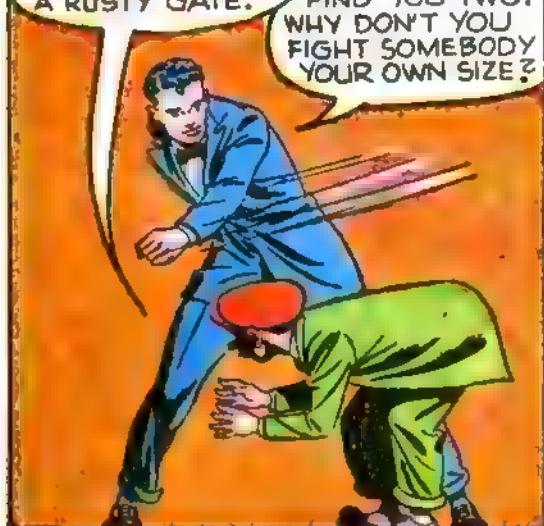
THESE LITTLE GUYS ARE CRAWLING UNDER FOOT!

YEAH? WE'LL CRAWL ALL OVER YOU, WISE GUY!



LOOK AT THE BIG OAF... SWINGS LIKE A RUSTY GATE.

I NEED A MICROSCOPE TO FIND YOU TWO! WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT SOMEBODY YOUR OWN SIZE?



NICE WORK, STIRRY!

YOU HIT HIM HIGH... WE'LL HIT HIM LOW!



IN THE MEANTIME...

SLAM'S KEEPING THEM BUSY... IF I ACT FAST, MAYBE I CAN GET AWAY...

BLFF
BAM
OWW

GUESS MY BEARD IS EXPENDABLE... HOPE IT DOESN'T BURN TOO FAST...

BOY, WILL THOSE MIDGETS BURN UP WHEN THEY SEE ME COMING AFTER THEM!

BUT AS SHORTY JOINS THE FRAY...

OWWW... THE DUMBWAITER IS THROWING THE GARBAGE BACK AT ME!

THINK I'M GARBAGE, DO YOU? I'LL SEND YOU TO THE SCRAPPY HEAP!

THE ODDS AGAINST THE DETECTIVE DUO ARE TOO GREAT, AND PRESENTLY...

OKAY, SAPS... NOW HAND OVER THAT WALLET! NITRO PICKED A GUY'S WALLET AND TRIED TO PASS IT ON TO ME WHEN HE WAS SEARCHED...

BUT I SLIPPED IT INTO THE PROFESSOR'S POCKET BY MISTAKE! NOW I WANT IT BACK...

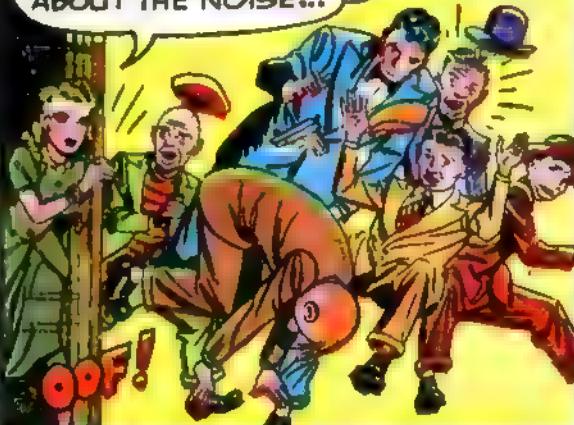
COME ACROSS, CHUM... OR I PLUG YOU!

OH, WELL, IT ISN'T WORTH DYING FOR... I HID THE WALLET IN MY SHOE...

I'LL PUT THEM OFF-GUARD... THEN JUMP AT THEM...

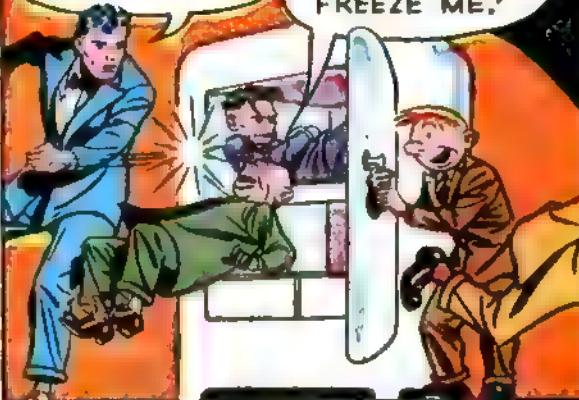
AT THAT MOMENT... SHORTY GETS AN UNEXPECTED ASSIST.

EXCUSE ME, THERE HAVE BEEN COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE NOISE...



THIS TIME THE SLEUTH TEAM PUTS THE DIMINUTIVE DESPERADOES IN COLD STORAGE.

THAT PUNCH WILL PUT YOU ON ICE. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO QUICK-FREEZE ME!



WEE... LET ME DOWN. NOT SO FAST, CH'JM... YOU'RE A BAD ACTOR... SO YOU GET THE HOOK!



LATER, AFTER THE POLICE HAVE DEPARTED WITH THE HALF-SIZE HOODLUMS...

WE'RE GLAD TO LEARN THEY WERE JUST MISSING WHITE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THOSE LITTLE THUGS...

ABOUT IT! SO I'LL JUST RETURN THE WALLET THEY STOLE...



THANKS... HERE'S \$100 REWARD...

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, SHORTY. I HAVE LONGER LEGS... I CAN MAKE IT GO FURTHER!



AT THE OFFICE ONCE MORE...

YOU RETURNED THE MONEY... AND YOU'RE NOT CHARGING A THING? YOU'RE HONEST... IN SOME AGENCIES, A MAN CAN LOSE HIS SHIRT!

NOT HERE, PAL... WE JUST OPERATE ON A SHOESTRING!



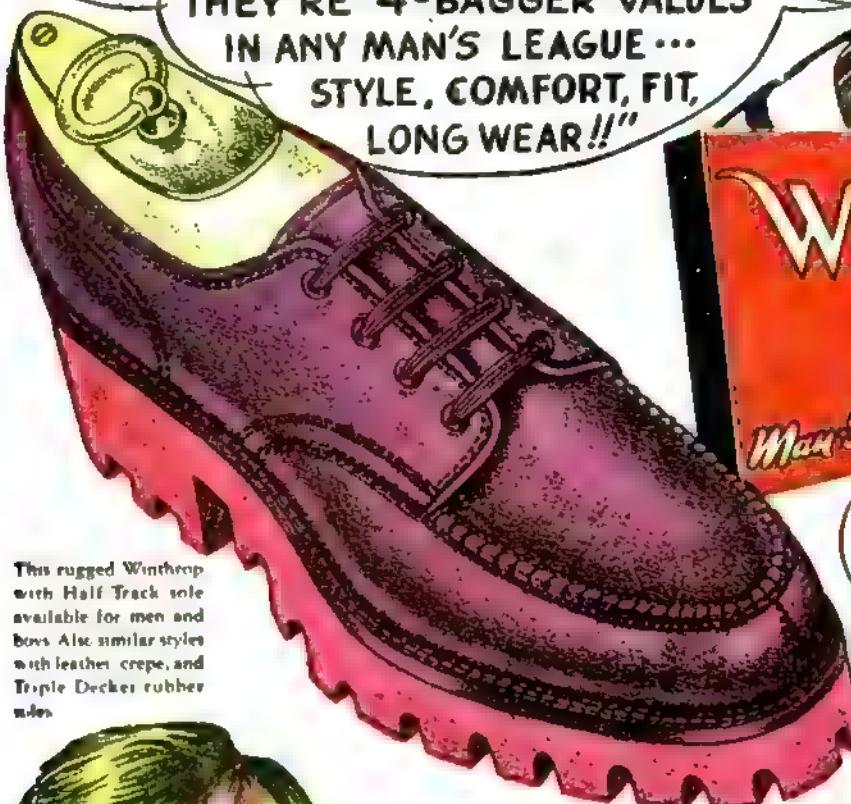
ADVERTISEMENT

STAN

MUSIAL

FAMOUS CARDINAL SLUGGER
Says:

"ACTIVE FEET LIKE DICK'S AND
MINE DEMAND THE BEST IN SHOES. THAT'S
WHY WE BOTH WEAR WINTHROPS.
THEY'RE '4-BAGGER' VALUES
IN ANY MAN'S LEAGUE ...
STYLE, COMFORT, FIT,
LONG WEAR!!!"



This rugged Winthrop with Half Track sole available for men and boys. Also similar styles with leather crepe, and Triple Decker rubber soles.



Says:
SEE, DAD,
THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE
IS THE
SIZE!



DICK, SON OF HARD-HITTING STAN
Says:
ONLY WINTHROP JRS. GIVE ME
SHOES EXACTLY LIKE DAD'S
THEY'RE 'REALLY' RUGGED--HE-MAN
IN EVERY WAY. ALL THE
KIDS WANT 'EM."

WINTHROP JRS. for boys
Sizes 1 to 9

WINTHROP SHOES for men

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY • DIV: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS



Shorty

HELLO, WHAT'S COOKING?

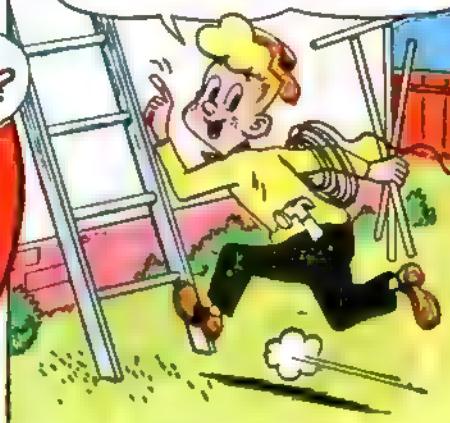


DAD BUILT A
TELEVISION SET AND
I'M TRYING TO PUT
UP AN AERIAL!

AN
AERIAL?



THAT'S RIGHT DOWN MY ALLEY.
I'LL HAVE IT UP IN A JIFFY!

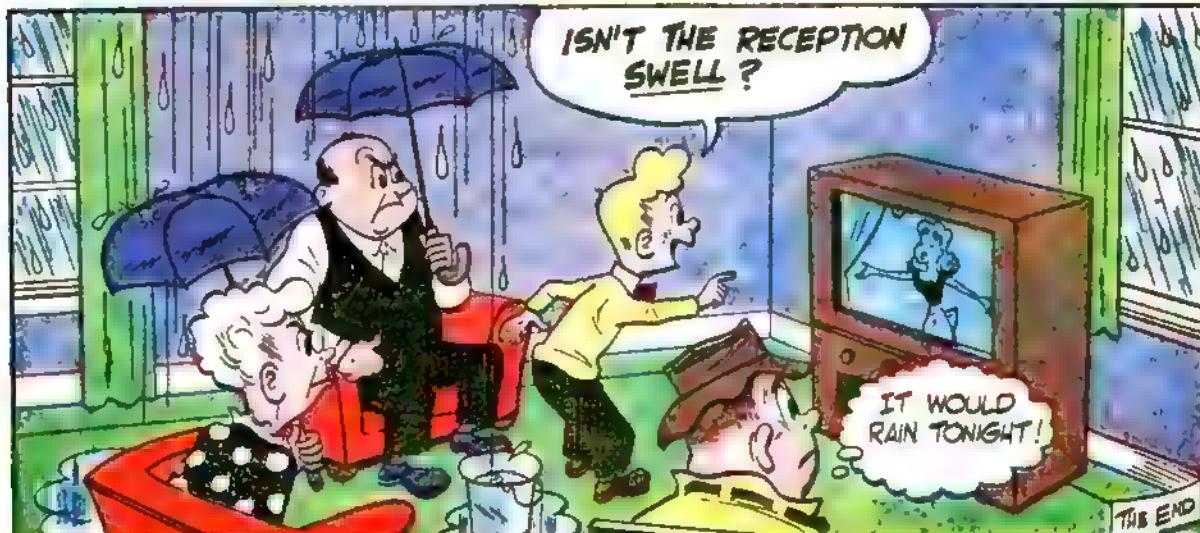
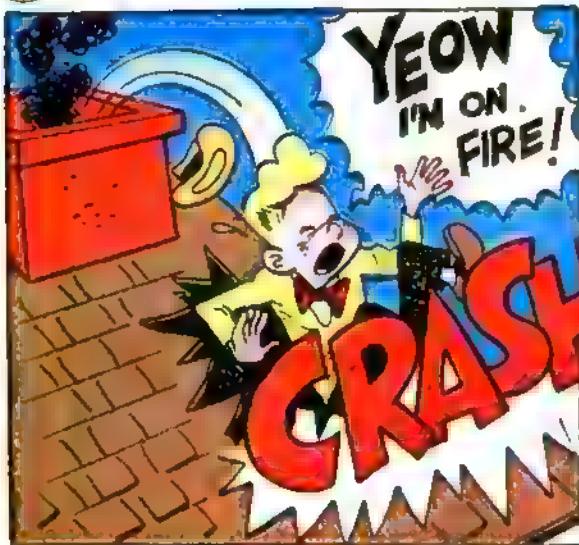


LET'S SEE, I CROSS
THIS BAR WITH THIS -



GOSH - IT'S
GETTING
WARM!





DETECTIVE COMICS



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1948
AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1948

OF DETECTIVE COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1948.

State of New York | ss.

County of New York | ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared J. S. Liebenthal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the DETECTIVE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 21, 1947, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1948 (Section 137, Postal Law and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 180 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, P. W. Killoren, 180 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Morris, Business Manager, J. S. Liebenthal, 180 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation) the name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, the name and address of such firm, company, or other unincorporated concern must be given. National Comics Publications, Inc., 180 Lexington Avenue, P. W. Killoren, Morris, Business Manager, J. S. Liebenthal, P. H. Sammelton, Gisèle Donenfeld, Max Liebenthal, Memphis, J. S. Liebenthal, P. H. Sammelton, Gisèle Donenfeld, Abraham I.

Martin as Successor Trustee for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebenthal and Abraham I. Martin as Successor Trustee for Morris Donenfeld, Frederick M. Tarr, Arlene J. Donenfeld all at 180 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, naming or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements, embracing all facts, full, true knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and security in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBENTHAL, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September 1948
ALFRED B. TAFF, Notary Public, Commission expires March 30, 1949

THE PRINTED WORD



HAD you lived in ancient Babylon, your teacher, if you'd had a teacher, would not have said, "The class will turn to lesson fifteen." She would have told you to *revolve* your book to the fifteenth lesson. In Egypt she would have ordered you to *unroll* to the lesson. And in ancient Sumatra, she'd have asked you to *stretch* your book to it.

"Books," at the dawn of history in Babylonia, were clay cylinders, on the sides of which were scratched the letters, signs and symbols which made up the Babylonian written language. That was why the cylinder had to be revolved as the reading progressed.

In Egypt, writing was set down on papyrus, a kind of paper, or upon parchment (sheepskin) and then rolled up, with the script on the inside, so that one had to unroll the book as he went along.

Stretching a book out was necessary in Sumatra because books were folded accordion-fashion and kept between two wooden covers. Incidentally, this type was the nearest approach to the modern book with its flat sheets and covers.

As you can see, reading was pretty awkward in those days. What made it even harder was that the etching on the Babylonian clay cylinders was often indistinct; the Egyptian papyrus smudged the "ink" of that day; and the Sumatra "paper" of bark cracked and obliterated the symbols or letters.

To make matters worse, none of the scribes or writers of those ancient times followed any set rule about writing from left to right, or from right to left. Sometimes they chose the former, sometimes the latter. But, whether the one or the other, there was still one more added confusion: They ran their words and sentences together like this! Not until the year 100 A.D. were punctuation, word-spacing, paragraphing and the like established.

It was the invention of printing by Johannes Gutenberg about 1450 that changed the picture in the field of bookmaking. By this time, books had taken on the form of books as we know them today—flat leaves bound together between covers. But before the advent of printing, each book was written and illustrated by hand! A long and tedious process. No wonder books were few. Only scholars, high officials, and wealthy folk could even dream of owning one. Reading was not an accomplishment of the general public in those days.

But with the invention and, later, the perfection, of printing, books were brought within the reach of everyone. Where each book had been painstakingly written out by hand, the printing-press now stamped out thousands from a single set-up of type for that particular issue.

Looking back, it seems strange that not until the fifteenth century did it occur to anyone that movable letters (type), carved

from wood or metal, could be set up in any combination to produce any number of books. The Chinese had found a method of printing a thousand years before this, but their language employs symbols instead of letter-combinations for words, and therefore was less movable and flexible for printing.

The first printing presses, hand-operated and clumsy, were a far cry from the gigantic revolving monsters that today turn out 100,000 pages, colors and all, in a single hour. The old-time presses were quite simple. The type was set upright on a flat table-like square of metal. Next, it was firmly clamped together by a frame on all four sides. It was inked with a leather ball stuffed with wool, and the blank page was placed upon it. Then a flat metal square was pressed down upon the paper from above, worked by a hand lever operating a powerful screw. The screw was next reversed, the metal square hoisted aloft, and the now printed page removed by hand. Slow work, but still a thousandfold speedier than writing each page by hand:

One would think that it would be quite obvious to the inventors and mechanics of that time that, in place of a flat bed of type, a cylinder, with type on its surface and revolving in one direction, could be fed sheets continuously and do the job much quicker. But it was almost four hundred years after Gutenberg's press that the cylinder press revolutionized printing.

Progress, real progress, is always slow. The hand-operated press was finally powered by steam; next the flat type-bed gave place to a crude cylinder press, which revolved slowly and made three stops, one to feed the sheet, one to print the sheet, and one to eject it; then, someone proposed a press made of a swiftly revolving cylinder, with no stops and completely covered with type.

From then on, progress went by leaps and bounds. The speed of the continuously revolving press at first threw the type from the cylinder. They got around this by making duplicate impressions of the type on

solid plates of metal, curved to fit and to be firmly clamped on the cylinder. The printing speed was now far beyond the speed of the mechanical sheet-feeder. The sheet-feeder was discarded and replaced by huge rolls of paper which fed directly into the printing cylinder and were automatically cut into sheets after being printed. But setting type was still done by hand, and of course it was impossible for hand-setting to keep pace with the bewildering output of the rotary press. This obstacle was surmounted by the invention of the linotype machine, which can produce as high as 13,000 units of set type in an hour when operated by an expert. A unit or "em" of type is a letter of the alphabet or its equivalent in the space it takes up.

Roughly, the linotype resembles a complicated machine with a typewriter hitched to it. As the operator taps the keys, the machine molds the letters from hot lead, cools them, and places them in a "galley" or receiving form, ready for the proof or correction press. From the corrected galleys, the impressions are transferred to the curved metal plates for the cylinder press—and the printing machine is ready to "roll," as they say in printing lingo.

And that is the team-work of today's printing press. Type-setting, paper feeding, and printing have combined in speed and precision to flood the world with the printed page. A modern printing press pours out over 60 miles of printed pages in one hour!

As for pictures and colored illustrations, the method is the same as that used in printing with type, although more complicated. Briefly, picture impressions are transferred to the curved metal plates of the press cylinder and inked with the desired colors, before the two-mile roll of paper begins its unbelievably swift trip through the press.

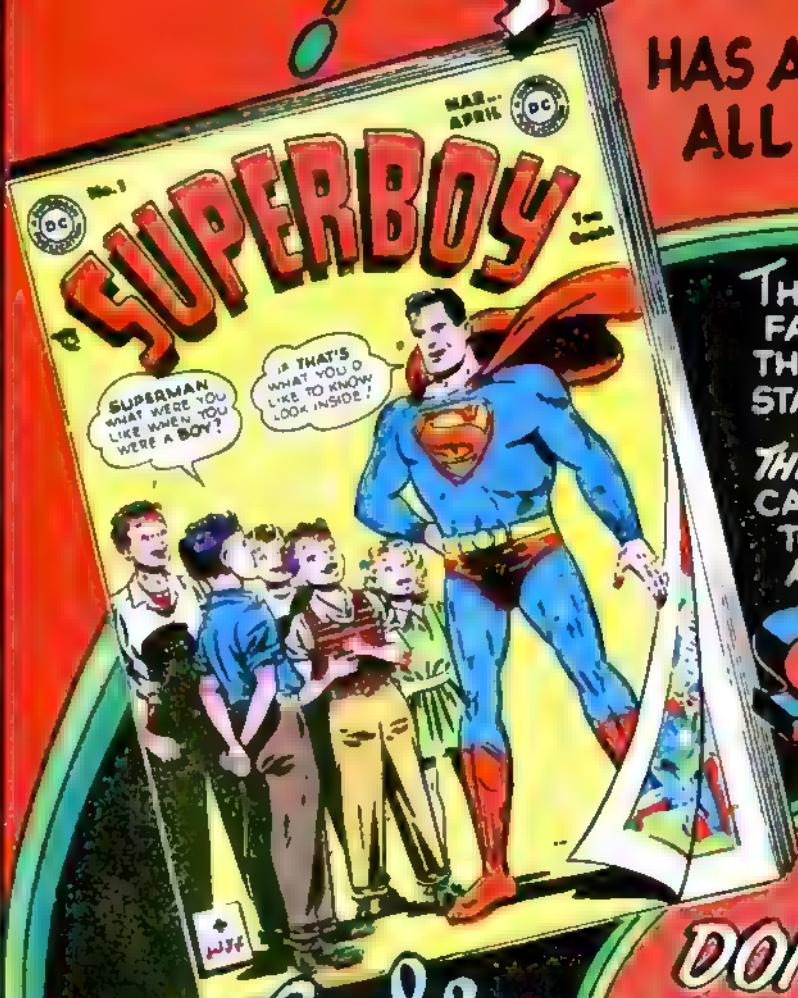
Cutting, binding and folding are done by machinery. Newspapers, magazines and books issue from the mouths of the mighty metal monsters. We've come a long way from those ancient days of revolved clay, unrolled papyrus, and stretched bark.

A BIG
HIT in
ADVENTURE
COMICS

— AND NOW

SUPERBOY

HAS A MAGAZINE
ALL HIS OWN



THE MILLIONS OF
FANS WHO HAVE
THRILLED TO THE
STARTLING EXPLOITS
OF
THE MAN OF STEEL
CAN THRILL AGAIN
TO THE AMAZING
ADVENTURES OF

SUPERMAN
WHEN HE
WAS A BOY!

On Sale
Everywhere

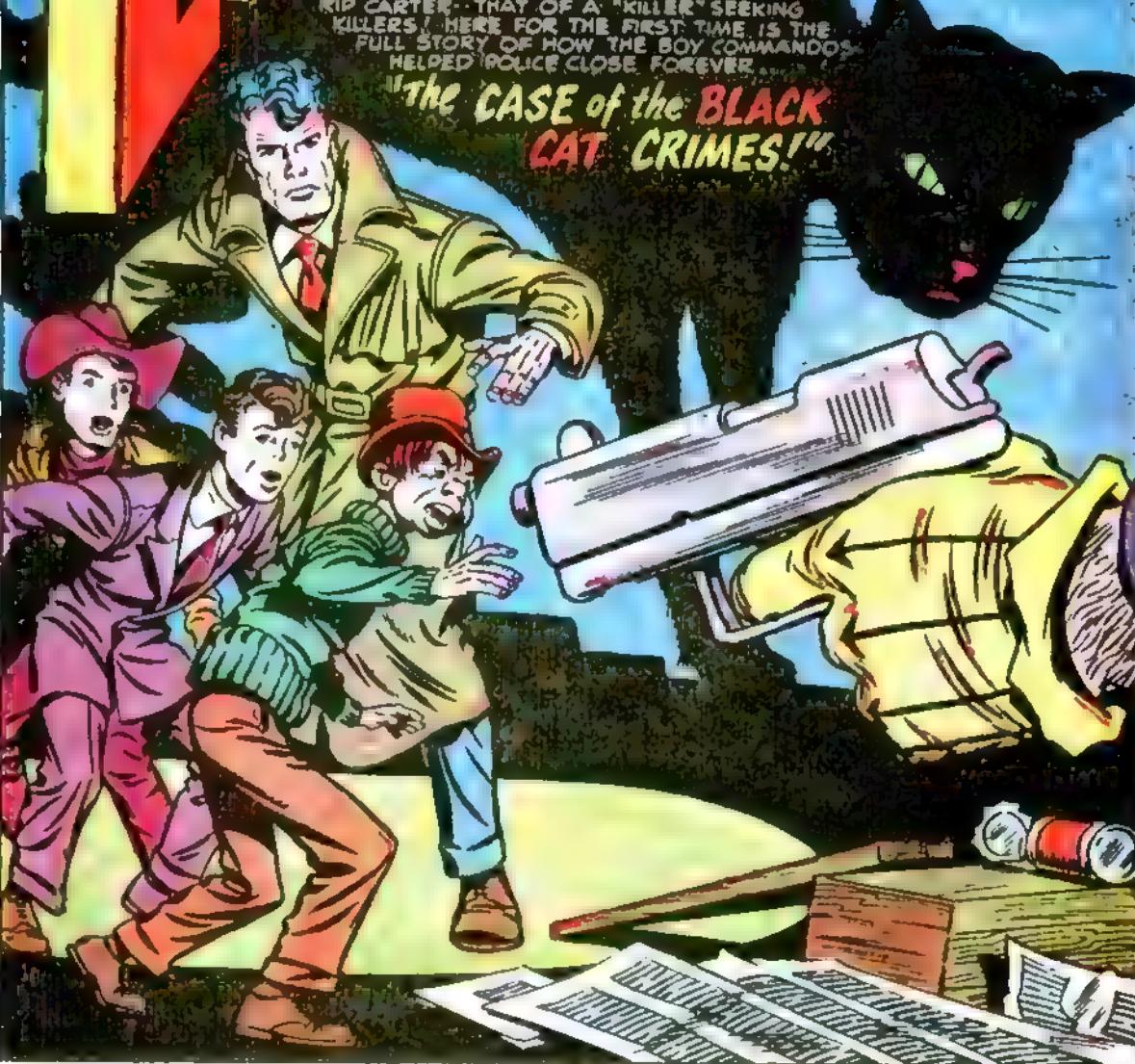
DON'T MISS
**THIS GREAT
FIRST ISSUE!**

The

The BOY COMMANDOS

THESE NAMES ARE NOW BURIED IN THE POLICE FILES: JOHN (PERCY) SCHUYLER, MICKY DEFF, HANDSOME HARRY HAZLETT AND AL (ZANY) MUELLER. BUT THEY STILL TALK OF THE PERILOUS ROLE PLAYED BY RIP CARTER--THAT OF A KILLER SEEKING KILLERS! HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME IS THE FULL STORY OF HOW THE BOY COMMANDOS HELPED POLICE CLOSE FOREVER

"The CASE of the BLACK CAT CRIMES!"



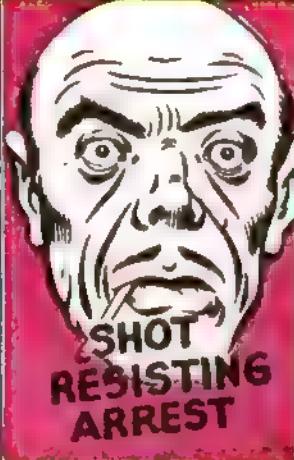
THESE MEN ALL SOUGHT A COMMON GOAL -- TO BEAT JUSTICE. THEY HAVE SINCE PAID THEIR DEBT TO SOCIETY...



JOHN (PERCY) SCHUYLER



MICKY DEFF

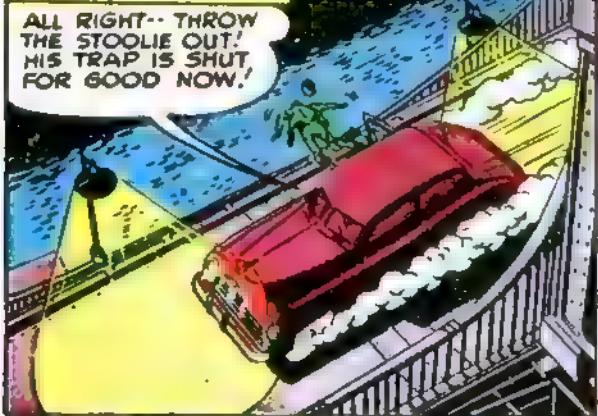


HANDSOME HARRY HAZLETT

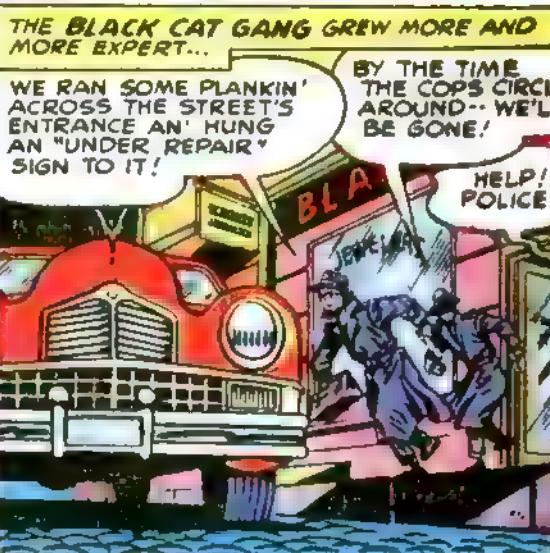


AL (ZANY) MUELLER

BUT BEFORE THE LAW EVENED THE SCORE, THESE FOUR--KNOWN AS THE BLACK CAT GANG--WROTE A CHAPTER OF TERROR IN THE HISTORY OF LAKETON CITY...



WHY DID THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE BLACK CAT GANG? PERCY SCHUYLER, THE LEADER, WAS ONCE SAVED BY A CAT AFTER A WATERFRONT ROBBERY...



ON A JOB, THE DARK RAIDERS NEVER CALLED EACH OTHER BY NAME--THEY USED NUMBERS.

KEEP YOUR HANDS UP! NUMBER FOUR-STAY OUTSIDE AND WATCH' NUMBER TWO, AND THREE START SEARCHING THEM...



OF THE FOUR, ZANY WASN'T TOO BRIGHT...

YA GONNA GET EVEN NUTTIER THAN YA ARE ALREADY, PLAYIN' WITH THEM SILLY TOYS, ZANY

I GOT THIS TODAY! HO, HO! COST ME A C-NOTE LOOK HE STANDS UP AN' GROWLS!

GRRROW..



ZANY KEPT USING HIS "EASY MONEY" TO BUY UNIQUE TOY GADGETS...

PAID A GUY 90 CLAMS FOR THIS ONE! HO, HO! BET'CHA THE GREEN MONKEY WINS! I BET'CHA-- I BET'CHA--



MONEY CAME EASY AND THEY SPENT IT THAT WAY...

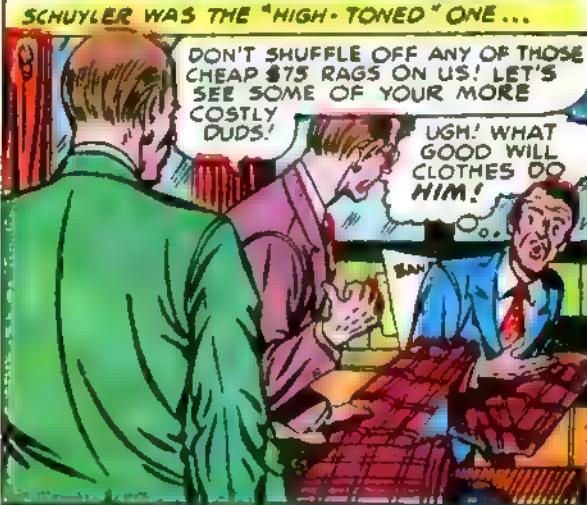
SO I LOST A GRAND! SO WHAT? HERE'S ANOTHER ONE! PLAY IT, MAC!



SCHUYLER WAS THE "HIGH-TONED" ONE...

DON'T SHUFFLE OFF ANY OF THOSE CHEAP \$75 RAGS ON US! LET'S SEE SOME OF YOUR MORE COSTLY DUDS!

UGH! WHAT GOOD WILL CLOTHES DO HIM!



MICKY DEFF HAD SERVED TIME IN THE REFORMATORY--AND WAS AN AVOWED "LAW-HATER." WHILE HANDSOME HALLETT HAD BEATEN A MURDER RAP IN ARKANSAS. ALL IN ALL, THE GANG CLICKED SMOOTHLY UNDER PERCY'S GUIDANCE...

PERFECT TIMING! WE MADE IT!



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE **BLACK CAT CRIMES**,
RIP CARTER AND HIS BOY COMMANDOS
CONFERRERED WITH POLICE OFFICERS...

SO THOSE
ARE YOUR
SUSPECTS!

YES! OUR DETECTIVES
REPORT THAT THIS MOB
SPENDS A LOT OF CASH--
THOUSANDS
OF DOLLARS!

WE KNOW DEFINITELY THAT
THEY **SPEND** MONEY,
CARTER! BUT WE CAN'T
FIND OUT WHERE THEY
GET IT!

I SEE THAT'S
WHERE WE
CAME IN!



I HAVE A PLAN--
SKETCHY AT THE
MOMENT, BUT
WE'LL WORK IT
OUT! BROOKLYN
HAS PLAYED
SHOE-SHINE
BOY BEFORE,
AND I'VE
PLAYED EX-CON
TO TRAP KILLERS!
NOW, LISTEN...

THE PLAN COMPLETED, THE COMMANDO CAPTAIN
TOOK A TRIP TO THE HOUSE UP THE RIVER,
WHERE, IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...

I'D LIKE THE RECORD OF
A PRISONER, WARDEN,
WHO WON'T BE COMING
OUT SOON! I MUST
STUDY EVERY DETAIL
ABOUT HIM!

JOEY TRENT IS
AS GOOD AS ANY
CAPTAIN CARTER!
SAFE CRACKER AND
GUNMAN! HE'S GOT
SIX YEARS YET!

WHILE BROOKLYN, IN HIS DISGUISE, SET UP
"BUSINESS" IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD FREQUENTED
BY THE GANG...

NICE SHINE,
KID! WHAT'D
YA SAY
YER NAME
WAS?

TRENT!
SO WOT?

YA DESERVE A
NICE TIP, KID...
UH-- MY WALLET!
IT'S GONE!

I SAW THE BRAT
BRUSH AGAINST
YER COAT, MICKY!
MAYBE HE
GRABBED IT...



DETECTIVE COMICS

ABRUPTLY...

SO YA DID
HAVE IT, EH?
WHERE'D A KID LIKE YOU
LEARN YER LIGHT-FINGER
TRICKS? TALK UP!

ME BRUDDER
TAUGHT ME! ME
BRUDDER'S JOEY
TRENT--IN DA BIG
HOUSE! HE TAUGHT
ME ALL I KNOW.

YA MIGHTA HOID O
O' JOEY! I'M
PROUD O' 'IM! HE
COULDA GOT OFF
EASY BUT HE
WOULDN'T
SQUEAL TO A
COP--HE DON'T
LIKE COPS!

DAT OUGHTA
GO OVER
BIG....

HE DON'T, EH? HMM--KEEP
THE FIVER, KID! SO YER
BROTHER DON'T LIKE COPS!
HOW I LIKE YOUR BROTHER!

GEE!
THANKS!

IN THE PASSING DAYS, BROOKLYN GREW MORE
FAMILIAR WITH THE HOODLUMS...

GOT WOID
FROM ME BRUDDER! DEY
WANTED TO GIVE 'IM TIME
OFF, BUT HE STILL WON'T
SING! JOEY AINT NO
SONGBIRD!

GOOD FOR
HIM!

THEN, TWO WEEKS LATER, WHEN RIP CARTER
CONSIDERED THE TIME RIPE...

JOEY TRENT...
AGE 32... BORN
IN NEW YORK...
TWO TIME
LOSER...
SAFE CRACKER
AND GUNMAN...
TEN YEARS.
HOW'S THAT?

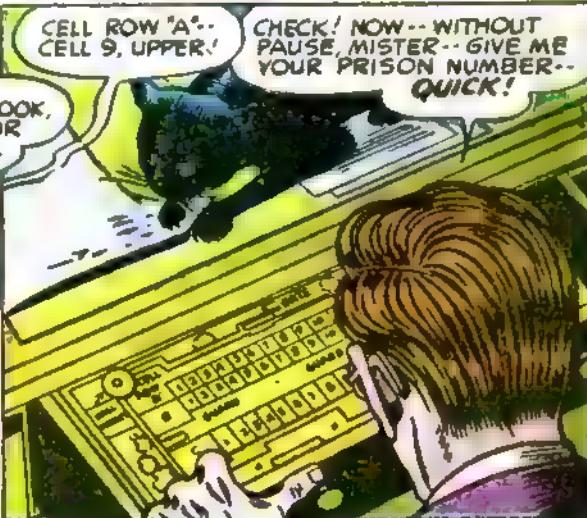
EXCELLENT,
CARTER! NOW
FOR YOUR "BREAK"
FROM PRISON!

LATE THAT SAME NIGHT...

WHAT'CHA WANT, KID?
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M
BUSY? SCRAM!

IT'S ME BRUDDER,
MICKY! HE WENT
OVER DA WALL!
HE'S OUT! NEED
HELP, MICKY! DA
COPS ARE AFTER
HIM!







SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS!.. WE NEVER SPEND MONEY RIGHT AFTER A JOB, BUT WAIT A COUPLE OF WEEKS... WE DON'T CARRY WEAPONS EXCEPT WHEN "WORKING"... AND WE CHANGE HIDEOUTS AFTER EACH RAID...

AFTER HIS BRIEF ORIENTATION, RIP CARTER WAS GIVEN A "SALARY ADVANCE"--TO GET RID OF HIS CONVICT APPEARANCE, THEN...



YOU'LL SHOW US HOW TO CRACK THAT SAFE, TRENT.. THEN YOU'LL WAIT OUTSIDE THE GUY'S DOOR, IF HE COMES OUT.. YOU'LL KNOCK HIM OFF ! SEE ?

OKAY.. IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT!



I JOINED THIS GANG FOR OPENING SAFES.. NOT KILLIN' GUYS!

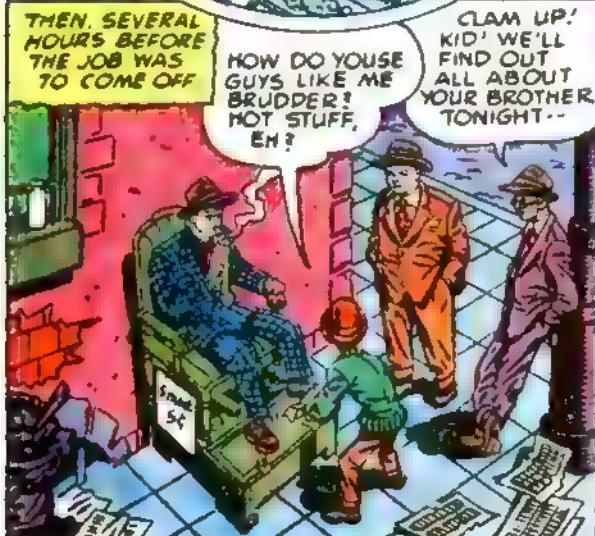
I KNOW, PAL.. BUT WE WANT ACCOMPLICES.. NOT WITNESSES! WE'LL KNOW YOU'RE MORE SINCERE IF YOU KILL A GUY! HERE.. USE A KNIFE! NO NOISE!



THEN, SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE THE JOB WAS TO COME OFF

HOW DO YOUSE GUYS LIKE ME BRUDDER? HOT STUFF, EH?

CLAM UP! KID! WE'LL FIND OUT ALL ABOUT YOUR BROTHER, TONIGHT--



PRETENDING TO SCRAPE CAKED MUD FROM RIP'S SHOE, BROOKLYN PRIED OPEN THE SOLE, AND...

DON'T WORRY, MUGS -- ME BRUDDER WON'T LET'CHA DOWN!

JUST AS WE PLANNED! RIP'S WEARIN' DA TRICK SHOE! I PRY IT OPEN-- AN' DA NOTE'S DERE...



MUCH LATER, THAT SAME NOTE WAS IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE...

The Falter estate... safe... cracking job! I noticed a trick-gimmick in photo that gang mised... a special trick wiring for burglar alarm! That's your cue to move in... at 9 sharp!

GREAT GUNS! THAT'S IN FIVE MINUTES! YOU SHOULD'VE GOTTEN HERE SOONER, BROOKLYN! LET'S GET MOVING!

I CAME ROUND-ABOUT: I TOUGHT DEY MIGHT TRAIL ME, SO I HAD TO BE CAREFUL!

MEANWHILE IN THE FALTER HOME...

NUMBER 5 WAS
RIGHT--HIS PLAN
WORKED! OKAY,
SWING IT OPEN
AND GRAB THE
DOUGH...

JUMPIN' CAESAR!
THAT ALARM WILL
WAKE UP THE
NEIGHBORHOOD!

FALTER DASHED FROM HIS ROOM WITH A GUN,
BUT THE DISGUISED COMMANDO CAPTAIN WAS
WAITING, AND...

UNH...
YOU'LL BE OKAY.
MISTER--THIS IS
JUST A COMMANDO
JU-JITSU STUNT
TO RENDER YOU
UNCONSCIOUS--
WITHOUT
PAIN...

FALTER SANK TO THE FLOOR WITH THE KNIFE
EMBEDDED IN THE FOLDS OF HIS CLOTHES...

THAT SURE LOOKS REAL
ENOUGH--BUT IF THEY
FIND OUT HE ISN'T
HURT...

COME ON, FIVE!
GOOD WORK! BUT
THE COPS ARE
HERE!

IN A MOMENT

SHOOT OVER THEIR HEADS!
WE DON'T WANT TO HIT
CARTER! YET WE HAVE TO
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE WE'RE
FIRING ON THEM!

BLAST IT!
WE WERE
TOO LATE!

BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!

THE SUCCESS OF THAT JOB STIMULATED
SCHUYLER TO PLAN OTHERS IN WHICH NUMBER
FIVE (RIP) COULD BE USED...

AND ONCE AGAIN, RIP AND BROOKLYN
PLAYED THEIR DANGEROUS GAME...

THUS, ON OCT. 27TH OF THAT YEAR, A SEDAN PARKED
IN FRONT OF THE BELLOWS SYRUP CO..

THEY'RE MAKING UP THE
PAYROLL IN BACK NOW!
NUMBER TWO WILL STAY
AT THE WHEEL -- THE
REST WILL GO IN...



ABRUPTLY...

SHHH... THEY'RE IN THERE
COUNTING THE DOUGH!
WE'LL MAKE A SURPRISE
RUSH...



REACH!

COPPERS!
THEY'VE BEEN
TIPPED! SCRAM!



THE SILENT, SHADY FACTORY SUDDENLY
SPRANG TO LIFE WITH ECHOING ROARS OF
GUNFIRE...

AMBUSHED! BEAT
IT FAST!

WHILE THE OTHERS MADE IT TO THE CAR,
HANDSOME HARRY HAZLETT GOT LOST IN A
MAZE OF DOORWAYS AND CORRIDORS...

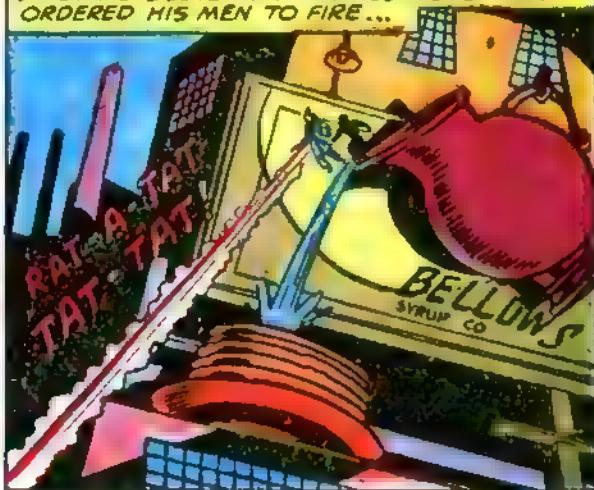
YA WON'T TAKE
ME, COPPERS!

AFTER FIGHTING HIS WAY UPSTAIRS HE CLIMBED
OUT ONTO THE HUGE SIGN, WHERE A SPOTLIGHT
CAUGHT HIM...

LAST WARNING!
COME DOWN
WITH YOUR
HANDS UP!

THE COP DON'T
LIVE THAT CAN
BEAT ME...

DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT FRED CONNORS THEN
ORDERED HIS MEN TO FIRE...



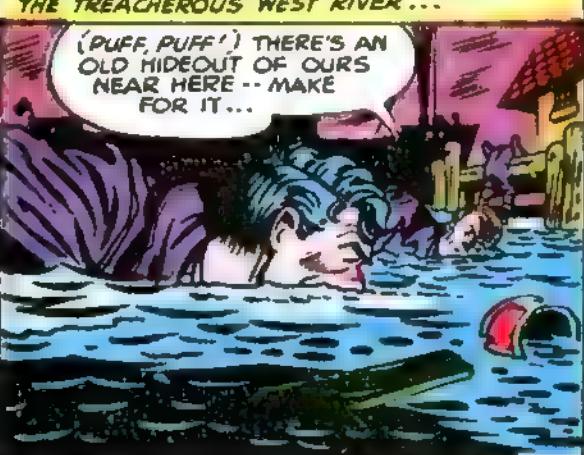
MEANWHILE, THE REST OF THE GANG HAD BEEN
FORCED TO ABANDON THE CAR TO ESCAPE
A TIGHTENING DRAGNET, AND THEY SWAM
THE TREACHEROUS WEST RIVER...

(PUFF, PUFF!) THERE'S AN
OLD HIDEOUT OF OURS
NEAR HERE -- MAKE
FOR IT...

IT WAS THEN THAT SCHUYLER SPOTTED IT--
THE MECHANISM IN RIP'S TRICK SHOE HAD
BEEN SPRUNG BY THE WATER!...

MICKY/ZANY! HOLD
ON!... AND GET
YOUR RODS READY!

???



DETECTIVE COMICS

SCHUYLER HAD GUessed EVERYTHING FROM THE TRICK SHOE. HE KNEW THEN WHERE THE LEAKS HAD COME FROM...

WE GONNA BUMP 'IM FOR GETTIN NOTES TO THE COPS, PERCY!

NO! WE LET THE COPS BUMP HIM! THAT'LL MAKE US INNOCENT!

WITH A GUN IN HIS BACK, RIP WAS FORCED TO WRITE A FINAL NOTE, WHICH, VIA, THE SHOE-SHINE ROUTE, FOUND ITS WAY TO THE POLICE...

AT EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES OF ELEVEN THAT NIGHT...

FIVE MINUTES TO GO! THEN THE COPS BREAK IN! OKAY, MICKY. I'LL SNAP THIS FINISHES THE LIGHTS OFF.. YOU PULL UP THE SHADE!

THIS FINISHES THE STOOLIE!

A PRETTY PICTURE! JUST THE WAY THE COPS WILL SEE YOU! AND WE'LL BE GONE WHEN THEY ARRIVE!

QUIT CROWIN', PERCY! LET'S SCRAM! I'M JITTERY!



THERE WAS ONE UNFORESEEN ELEMENT--AT EXACTLY 10:55, ZANY, THE GANG DRIVER, SPOTTED A COLORFUL TOY IN A DEPARTMENT STORE ACROSS THE STREET...





SQUAD CAR NO. 12 ARRIVED WITH GUNS BLASTING AWAY...
RUN, MICKY-BACK THROUGH THE JEWELRY STORE! IT'S OUR ONLY WAY!

THEY GOT US, PERCY! THEY GOT US! I'M SCARED!



MICKY DEFF THE COWARD, LOST HIS LAST OUNCE OF FALSE COURAGE...



TAKE THE RAT IN, BILL!



THEN WHILE BROOKLYN AND SGT. MIKE FLANNERY RELEASED RIP, OUTSIDE...



DON'T FIRE, BOYS--HE'S BOOBY-HATCH MATERIAL FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

MICKY DEFF PAID FOR HIS NUMEROUS MURDERS, WHILE SCHUYLER, AFRAID TO FACE THE RAP, TOOK THE GAS-STOVE EXIT...



AND THUS ENDED LAKETON CITY'S NOTORIOUS BLACK CAT GANG--FOUR MEN WHO PLAYED A LOSING HAND...

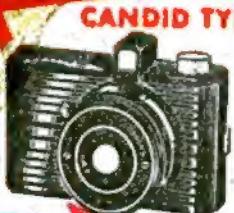


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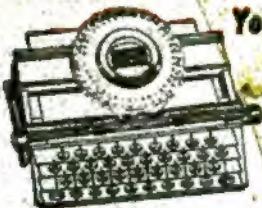


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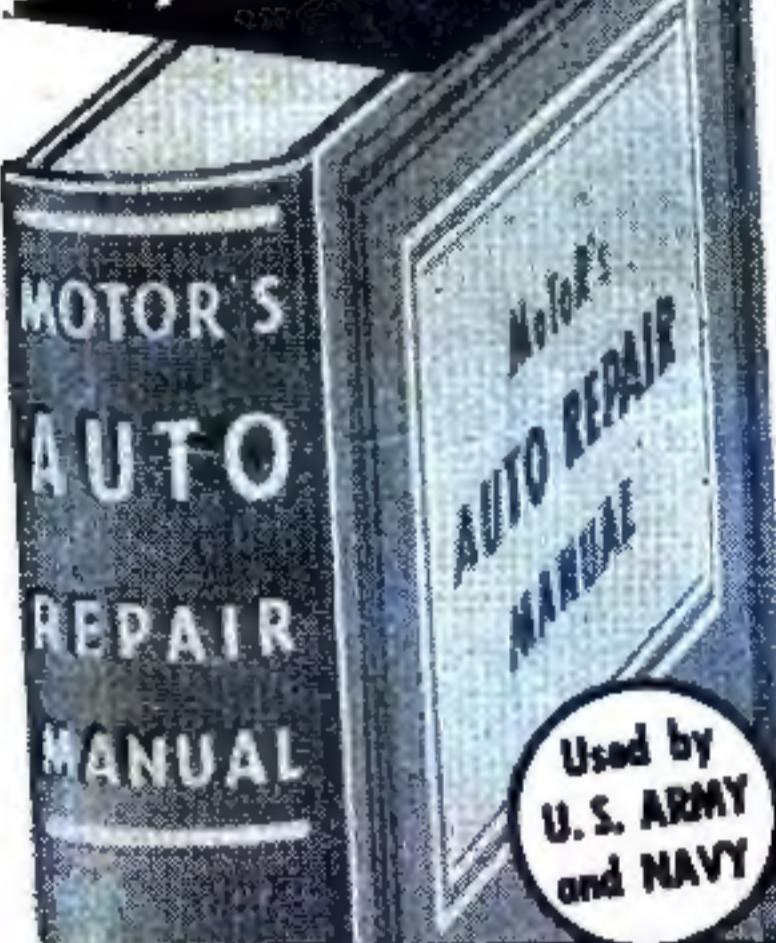
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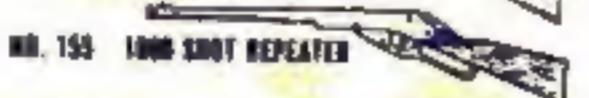
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